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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 16 JANUARY 1981 • No 4,059 • 40p

Bertolt Brecht
in AmericaPioneering animal rights;
Social Darwinism in EnglandThe populism of
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'After the Wake'

Commentary:

The Natural History Museum –
celebrations and demolitionsIntroducing Shakespeare on
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'The Ikon Maker'Saul Kripke and the
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A life-sized glass fibre reconstruction of a female Australopithecine, in the Natural History Museum's centenary exhibition reviewed in Commentary on page 57. The model, 3'10" high, is based on measurements taken from fragments found at Sterkfontein, South Africa. There is evidence that the Australopithecine, which is thought to have lived between five million and one and a half million years ago, walked upright.

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY 16 1981

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Fifty years on . . .

The TLS of January 15, 1931 reviewed Vladimir Brumovsky's *The Ogn*. As a non-Communist in the Communist state M. Brumovsky was exposed to the special risks which recent events have again made plain. His account of his arrest and trial might, indeed, but for the fact that both were under the secret process of the Ogn, have been taken from the proceedings in the so-called Moscow trial of specialists accused of plotting intervention. Like them he was charged with having given away information to the representatives of foreign Powers. As in their case, his was obviously fabricated evidence, was brought in support of the charge. And, as in their case, a ludicrous

error was made in the fabrication. Evidence, however, matteded little. M. Brumovsky had courted arrest by becoming a Latvian citizen, and death by refusing to give up his citizenship in exchange for a post in the doubtful economic section of the Ogn. That the death sentence passed on him was never carried out was due to his skill in smuggling details of his case outside prison. There it came to the knowledge of British representatives, who were not ungenerously surprised to learn of his alleged espionage on their behalf. Exchange was a long process and before it was finally effected M. Brumovsky had spent years in the prisons of the Ogn. He had a record of the Ogn. He had a record of the Ogn. He had a record of the Ogn.

first complete account of those prisons was now had in English. The physical suffering, great though it was, was not to be compared with the psychological. Prisoners like M. Brumovsky lived for years in their cells, shut off from an outside world with which they were forbidden to communicate, compelled to be ever on guard against agents provocateurs among both prisoners and wardens, with nothing but execution and exile to Solovetsky to look forward to. A few committed suicide—only a few. M. Brumovsky believes, because of his experience of life in Soviet Russia, that he would have been a good one to Solovetsky to look forward to. Others were mad. Still more yielded to the temptations put in their way and took service under the Ogn.

BIOGRAPHY

JAMES K. LYON:

Bertolt Brecht in America
408pp. Princeton University Press, £11.
0 691 06443 1

Chased from my country now I have
If there's some shop or bar that I
Where I can sell the products of
my mind.
Again I tread the roads well known
to me
Worn smooth by those accustomed
to defeat.
I'm on my way but don't yet know
to whom
Wherever I go they ask me: "Spell
your name!"
And oh, that name was once
accounted great.

The poems Brecht wrote in America between 1941 and 1947 tell us much about his mental and emotional life during those years. Now, James K. Lyon tells us all, or even more than all in some departments, drawing on unpublished letters and documents, FBI files, and interviews with the subject's friends, relatives, associates and collaborators.

Brecht's American years were, in his own words, an "exile in paradise"—the thought of himself throughout as on exile, not an immigrant—and to this we might add, with partial truth, that Brecht was himself the serpent in the garden. The experience of exile is, of course, especially hard on one whose life centres on language and whose life he finds he has little fame in his new land. (There was a sharp contrast there between Brecht's lot and that of the much-translated Thomas Mann.) The situation is aggravated if the exile is a playwright, and this in need of a theatre; still further aggravated when he has very definite and unshared ideas about "theatre". Brecht had lost his natural public, his true students: temporarily, at least, for much of his writing at this time he saw as lessons laid up in advance for the post-war German people. As for America, his view resembled Rilke's: it was a country of nomads who built homes without intending to stay in them and changed jobs like boots, restless, lacking a cultural past. Nine days after arriving he wrote in his journal of "this mortuary of Hollywood", "this in metropolitan form", "eight months later, I have the feeling of being like Francis of Assisi in an aquarium, Lenin in a straw hat (or the Oktoberfest), or what? America could offer him peace and security, something he never really wanted, something his nature would soon have rejected or perverted.

Settling out on his previous visit to America, from Denmark, in 1935, Brecht had compared himself to Columbus, with the implication that it was the New World that was to discover him, along with the new kind of "learning play". Now he was stuck in that new world, at the age of forty-three, faced with the prospect of teaching himself to be a playwright. "I am a failure," he wrote. "I am a failure." The usual tangle ensued, with collaborators and translators set against the other and only Brecht's right hand knowing what his left was doing. Luisa Rainer withdrew from the role, Auden from the translation, and two decades passed before the play was seen in New York. Two minor successes—minor in Brecht's table of priorities, one guesses—were the publication by New Directions in 1944 of seventeen scenes from the play *The Prize*, and the *Master Race*, as translated by Eric Bentley, and of *Selected Poems*, in the fine English versions of H. R. Hays, by Reynal and Hitchcock in 1947.

For Luisa Rainer, Brecht was "a cruel, selfish, vain, an awful man". Apropos of the confusion into which Brecht had thrown the staging of *Master Race* in 1945, Eric Bentley wrote to a mutual acquaintance with considerable discretion: "He has neither good manners nor elementary decency. He lives not his own theory that it is impossible to behave well in this society . . . a scoundrel but an

Exile in Paradise

By D. J. Enright



Brecht and his son Stefan, a student at Harvard, on a rooftop in New York, 1946.

collaborative effort, but with himself as the Boss, having the whip-hand. Hollywood declined to heed the whip over.

Most engaging, perhaps, was the plan to turn his poem "Children's Crusade" into a film, by having the bullied-story told in a snowbound New England schoolroom. The project failed, seemingly in that it was "by extension" on anti-war film and it had to compete with the successful and more wholehearted war pictures then being put out by Hollywood. Another story on which Brecht worked, "Silent Witness", would seem to have the requisite ingredients, including a strong plot and a happy ending, to carry it to the silver screen. A French woman, unjustly accused of collaboration with the Germans, is nearly victimized when recognized as the model for a staid-old-glass window of Joan of Arc commissioned by a dead but impeccable abbé who worked for the Resistance. . . . However, Brecht insisted that the leading lady should appear with her head shaved—and to star would ever be persuaded to do that! Then there was his comedy, *Schwartzkopf*, in the Second World War, probably written with an eye and a half on Broadway. . . . His hero was too unheroic, his humour too European, and the play didn't receive its first professional American performance until 1977.

During 1943-44 Brecht wrote *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* in which the celebrated Austrian-born actress Luise Rainer was to star on Broadway. Their ideas on acting failed to coincide and—although at this point only one page of the play existed—a violent row blew up. Luise Rainer remembered it thus:

Brecht (roaring): Do you know who I am?
Rainer (calmly): Yes. You are Bertolt Brecht. And do you know who I am?
Brecht: Yes. You are nothing. Nothing. Nothing.
The usual tangle ensued, with collaborators and translators set against the other and only Brecht's right hand knowing what his left was doing. Luisa Rainer withdrew from the role, Auden from the translation, and two decades passed before the play was seen in New York. Two minor successes—minor in Brecht's table of priorities, one guesses—were the publication by New Directions in 1944 of seventeen scenes from the play *The Prize*, and the *Master Race*, as translated by Eric Bentley, and of *Selected Poems*, in the fine English versions of H. R. Hays, by Reynal and Hitchcock in 1947.

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actor". Bentley and Hays both suffered from his blood of the dictator and the devil, both retained an unwavering admiration for his writing. And both attest to his charm. Not so, however, Auden ("an odious person") and Isherwood ("Brecht simply was 'ruthless' where his own projects were concerned. Here lies the overriding cause of the many quarrels, complaints and wounded feelings recorded here. Brecht was intrinsically Brechtian. He knew nothing of the fashionable uncertainty about 'identity'; he had it in excess. His attempts to 'depersonalize' professional or political disagreements were not uniformly successful: he got up people's noses, and often stayed there. His works were to be produced low, he believed, not now Broadway or Hollywood or the rest of the United States wanted. He was his own worst enemy, at least in the short run. But he was the best friend of his own beliefs and principles.

A well-disposed ragside commentator, Professor Lyon is still rather hard pressed to make out a case for Brecht's warmth of heart. He quotes a poem of Brecht's written in 1947, which begins with a reference to the "swamp" of Hollywood, or conceivably of drugs: "I saw many friends / And the friend I loved most / Among them helplessly sunk / Into the swamp. . . . And ends thus: / Now I watched him leaning back / Covered with leeches to the ship / mauling, softly moving slugs / Upon the sinking face / That glantly blisful smile." The poem was apparently about Peter Lorre, addicted to morphine and now suffering a sharp decline in reputation, and also, it was found among his papers was may be assumed the author gave it to him. Lyon claims, less than convincingly, that "the poem is for Lorre as a human being whom he wanted to help". It savours of the coolly didactic.

Yet it is probable that Brecht was truly attached to Lorre, as also to the politically timorous Charles Laughton, whom Lyon considers "the most important person for him in his American exile." If Brecht hid his feelings, he must have had them. He customarily preferred to voice a professional reason for admiring someone rather than a merely personal one: to admit to an objective cause for affection was, at least sometimes, the case with his woman friends too; they were of interest in more ways than one. There is a comical-terrible poem written in America in which he praises an ample peasant-style skirt—Yankee oval, megamouth, bringing to mind Colchis/The Medea strolled towards the sea—adding that there are other grounds for favouring such a skirt, how

ever: base and laudful ones, which "will do for me".

In his chapter on "Brecht's Women" Lyon is relatively reticent, confining himself to (a) Ruth Berlau and (b) Brecht's wife Helene Weigel, both of them actresses (though then unemployable) and thus collaborators, as being the only two women in America who mattered in terms of his work. Certainly there would be little point very little, and fortified a great deal. A story about Helene Weigel's membership of the "harem" of the members of the "harem" Suffi-ment on this aspect of Brecht's briskness (and his distaste for the bourgeois/capitalist notion of love/ownership) is Joseph Losey's comment that he "ate very little, drank very little, and fornicated a great deal". A story about Helene Weigel's membership of the "harem" Suffi-ment on this aspect of Brecht's briskness (and his distaste for the bourgeois/capitalist notion of love/ownership) is Joseph Losey's comment that he "ate very little, drank very little, and fornicated a great deal". A story about Helene Weigel's membership of the "harem" Suffi-ment on this aspect of Brecht's briskness (and his distaste for the bourgeois/capitalist notion of love/ownership) is Joseph Losey's comment that he "ate very little, drank very little, and fornicated a great deal".

That Brecht, who could put his hand to practically anything, was forced to abandon the idea of veritizing *The Communist Manifesto* in the form of classical hexameters might suggest that there were limits to his ideological manoeuvrability and that, for all his foxiness and for all that the old fox had no not only a desirable to run of any Communist party and much longer in the German Democratic Republic. (At least in East Berlin he had an appreciative audience, even if much of it came from the bourgeoisie of West Berlin.) During his earlier visit to America, he reportedly answered Sidney Hook's protest against Stalin's persecution of innocent people with the shocking epigram: "The more innocent they are, the more they deserve to die." Alert though Lyon is to Brecht's trickiness, he is content to ascribe this saying to someone at Hook's attack on Stalin and a desire to stupefy his opponent—without explaining the possible implication (see Martin Esslin, *Brecht: Icon and Self-Portrait*). Encountered, December 1947, that those who were innocent of nothing against Stalin deserved to die for that very reason.

Lyon is good on the subject of Brecht's relations with the "Frankfurt School", also evocative to America. Brecht might have been expected to find the group's self-critical, dialectical procedures congenial. He regarded them as introverted mandarins, however, spinning verbal subversions of the capitalist society in which (unlike Brecht) they lived at ease while they saw him as a "vulgar" Marxist, a crude and retarded materialist still committed to the stuffy proletariat. Both camps and a point: Brecht in that his politics were at least down to earth or "concrete", unlike the school's disembodied theorizing, and Theodore Adorno in the element of truth be-

hind his gibe that Brecht spent two hours every day pushing dirt under his fingernails to make himself look like a worker.

The quarrel between Brecht and Thomas Mann—the greatest German novelist and the best living German poet, both exiles—lasts less editing. According to Katia Mann's *Unwritten Memories*, a source not cited by Lyon, hostility was born early on, when amply showed Mann one of Brecht's plays and the novelist's comment—"Just imagine, the monster has talent!"—was relayed to the dramatist. The latter came back with a rather sharper quip: "As a matter of fact, I always found his short stories quite good." The feeling intensified in America. Mann referred to Brecht as a "party-liner". Brecht described Mann's works as "clarification". Mann was a pessimist, seeing the Faustian two souls as Siamese twins native to the German breast; Brecht was an optimist, reading himself to foster a one-souled Germany just as soon as he could get established. Mann was an "establishment" figure, or figurehead, in America; Brecht, as ever, was a rebel, a "professional" anti. In Elsa Langhast's phrase, yet neither was exactly stigmatized—and possibly what each most disliked in the other was his public image. The one dirtied his fingernails every day, the other cleaned them.

We may still be in doubt as to Brecht's remark about Stalin's innocent victims and what he intended by it. For while he himself was devoted to the play of thesis and antithesis, what he generally expected from other people was synthesis, or plain simplicity. When Louis Viereck, a Trotskyist, asked who declined to accept his views, he answered: "They have to be shot." Given his dialectical nature, not very many would be left alive in that case. As Lyon says, it was Viereck who came as near as anybody to accepting the complexities of the Brechtian argument when he described him as "one-man political party". The description continued: ". . . in close coalition with the Communists", which now gives it an air of paradox. But then, paradox was for other people; and what in him was the licence of the "chameleon poet" would in others be the mark of the turncoat.

Katia Mann's comment on Brecht's appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee was: "He was very sly indeed; he pretended to be stupid and the others were stupid." Brecht, who addressed his consciousness of being a guest in the United States, freely admitted that he was not, nor ever had been a member of any Communist party and courteously corrected the Committee regarding the year of his birth. Martin Esslin has compared the proceedings to the cross-examination of a zoologist by epos. Then the apostrophe to America, he reportedly answered Sidney Hook's protest against Stalin's persecution of innocent people with the shocking epigram: "The more innocent they are, the more they deserve to die." Alert though Lyon is to Brecht's trickiness, he is content to ascribe this saying to someone at Hook's attack on Stalin and a desire to stupefy his opponent—without explaining the possible implication (see Martin Esslin, *Brecht: Icon and Self-Portrait*). Encountered, December 1947, that those who were innocent of nothing against Stalin deserved to die for that very reason.

The opening quotation is from "Sonnet in Emigration" (also indexed as "Sonnet in Exile"), translated by Edith Rossetti. Brecht: *Poems* 1913-1956, edited by John Willett and Ralph Manheim. Lynn: Methuen, 1976.

Crossing the insuperable line

By Brigid Brophy

HENRY S. SALT:
Animals' Rights: Considered in
Relation to Social Progress
231pp. Corgi Press. £7.50.
0 5000098 8

"Put animals into politics". The slogan is a tactical move. On a strategic view of politics, animals of the other species are there already—and have been ever since the "political animal" first organized himself and constituted his environment. They are the most generally and blithely exploited class in history, the permanent lower-than-lower class whom humans wantonly imprison, eat, torture, wear and use for target-practice. It is in terms essentially of political morality that Henry Salt, self-described "rationalist", has written his book. In 1892, it appears not to be merely (the other animals are not, Salt points out, criminals) but to justice, and the argument at its heart is an expansion of Jeremy Bentham's prophecy that, having "begun by attending to the condition of the slaves", human beings will eventually extend the protection of the law to "any sensitive being".

What, Bentham crucially asked in 1780, traces the supposedly "insuperable line" between sentient human individuals and sentient individuals of all the other kinds?

In a competitive cosmos

By Peter Clarke

GRETA JONES:
Social Darwinism and English Thought: The Interaction Between Biological and Social Theory.
234pp. Brighton: Harvester Wheatsheaf Press. £22.50.
0 85527 811 0

When Darwin wrote *The Origin of Species* he carefully avoided direct mention of one species: his own. Prudent as this play may have seemed, it was unavailing if Darwin had hoped thereby to divert controversy. The crux of the Darwinian debate was never the place of men within the larger potter of evolution. Darwin's subtitle referred to the preservation of favoured races by means of natural selection. The uniquely featured position of man, preserved by selective processes of natural selection. Now according to the older wisdom of Aristotle, man was a political animal—at any rate on animal intelligence. From the outside, therefore, the mechanisms of natural selection were examined with an eye to their implications for social evolution.

As is well known, Darwin had devoted his insight about the paramountcy of the struggle for subsistence from reading of Malthus, Engels, trenchantly caricatured Darwinism as a "transfer from society to living nature of Hobbes's doctrine of 'bellum omnium contra omnes' and of the bourgeois-economic doctrine of competition together with Malthus's theory of population". Words still, no longer had biology been recast in the mould of classical antiquity than the section of evolutionary science was in turn transformed into the operation of market forces. The "struggle for existence" had been performed, Engels observed, "the same theories are transferred back again from biology to history and it is now claimed that their validity as eternal laws of human society has been proved". This was to be the opportunity of the struggle, snatching at bright ideas across the disciplinary boundaries. But its real significance may well lie in the significance of evolutionary thought as a paradigmatic difference.

vision in the direction of realism.

Even the legal mind of Perry Mason deceived itself when, after informing Della Street that "Karakul coats are made from one-day-old, now-born lambs", he answered her protesting "Seems a meaty trick to play on the lamb's back" by saying, "If it weren't for the fur on its head, the strain wouldn't be cultivated, so the lamb wouldn't be born at all". A lamb that is never conceived suffers no pain or injury there. It does not exist for anything but its own sake. In 1975, Richard Ryder's "speciesism" is a collage that further expends Bentham's on analogy with the struggles against racism and sexism. The line or abyss is as much a figment of superstition as the feudal moat between lord and serf is confirmed by the theory of evolution. As thought as Richard Ryder has discerned, biologists have trapped themselves in a polemic (to their victims) paradox, being scientific enough to claim that it is useful to test chimpanzees on robbers' eyes precisely because humans are fairly close to them, and yet superstitious enough to point in the supposed abyss and claim that, while it forbids them to vivisect humans, who would yield results yet more useful, it licenses them to treat the sentient and individual kind of humans as though they were things.

In an appendix Salt argues his preference for the claim that animals have rights over the theological notion that men have or may have duties towards them. His choice was correct, not merely because a right is a dynamic and political concept but because it puts the animals at the centre of the discussion. Such shifts of centre are part of the process that corrects our egocentric and anthropocentric

view. Salt, who lived from 1851 to 1939, was one of the progressives of the 1890s whose thinking often seems nowadays radical to the point of derision. He abandoned school-

formative and discursive on what it does cover. It dispenses of the next (after Perry Mason's) most popular fallacy, namely that human cruelty to animals is justified by the cruelty of some animals to other animals (or, as it is often put nowadays, that it is all right for humans to eat sheep because blackbirds eat worms). By quoting Humphrey Primet in 1776: "dogs will worry and cocks will fight (though not an altar, if we did not set them on) . . . Yet what is that to us? Are we dogs? Are we fighting cocks? Are they in the our tutors and instructors, that we appeal to them for arguments to justify and palliate our inhumanity?"

Salt's bibliography is brought up to date by a supplement that seems to have been written through sour grapes—I'm in a little tepee with articles in philosophical journals. It is rounded off by Charles Magel, a professor of philosophy in Minnesota and part of the new extensive North American branch of the movement to Put Animals Into Philosophy, which in Britain is led by Rensell Goddard (one of the movement's initiators, in 1971), Stephen Clark and Timothy Sprigge.

Salt's text, however, addresses general readers, in clear, good-humoured prose. Sadly, his chapters on slaughter, "sport" and experimentation need little bringing up to date except in the scale of the atrocities. For what Salt calls "murderous millinery" is in easy, even more directly, politics. Is politics a matter of right and wrong, or are we all in a conspiracy to talk political justice while secretly believing that the strong and cunning are wise to exploit all the blood lust they can get away with against the weak?

Salt, who lived from 1851 to 1939, was one of the progressives of the 1890s whose thinking often seems nowadays radical to the point of derision. He abandoned school-

mastering at Eton for a cottage and the secretaryship of the Humanitarian League, in the course of which he collaborated with his fellow vegetarian Bernard Shaw, who also recorded the horror of the "murderous millinery" then in fashion for women.

There is a photograph of Salt in the Huddersfield and Shapton symposium *The Genius of Shaw*, a book that ought to be in the bibliography, as indeed ought the first two volumes of Shaw's collected letters, from which there are scraps in the scope of the brief biographical list that frame this edition. Salt's refuge was at Tiffn, Surrey, whose rusticity delighted even Shaw's rural romanticism. Salt's first wife, Kate, remarried with the future Mrs Shaw in playing amusements in Shaw—and also played transcriptions of Wagner with him at the piano.

Four hundred million individuals were killed in Britain in 1940. None of the killings was in self-defence or provoked by the victim. Indeed, those responsible would have been better off economically, and almost certainly in health, too, had they held their hand. The issue belongs not to the fringes of politics but to the core. What is taking place is the systematic oppression of one class by another, and it is perpetuated by the accustomed mechanisms of hypocrisy, snobbery and superstition. The line of thought that Henry Salt developed in 1892, concerning philosophy, was in its way responding to a kind of political crisis, and even more directly, politics. Is politics a matter of right and wrong, or are we all in a conspiracy to talk political justice while secretly believing that the strong and cunning are wise to exploit all the blood lust they can get away with against the weak?

Darwinism. Dr Jones rightly gives place to the view that the Darwinian pedigree spoiled a wide political spectrum. There were Darwinian anarchists who painted the redundancy of social respect and Darwinian socialists who painted the redundancy of social respect for the state. Darwinian imperialists who girded themselves for the world struggle and Darwinian multi-imperialists who thought the lower races beat left to themselves; Darwinian conservatives who feared the horrors of an unbridled Darwinian radicals who denounced the aristocracy as unfit. And so on. The plausibility of Darwin's concepts is well brought out. We are shown how they were used by both parties to a dispute at the same time, or else successively to prove their own right. It is much less clear why this happened. The author writes at one point, in connection with racist theories, that their survival "reduces a social not an intellectual explanation". This is a mid-point towards the universal adoption of a solution. This book provides us with an elaborate taxonomy of Social Darwinist ideas and will find a warm welcome accordingly. A sequel which would offer an appraisal of their political significance remains to be written.

This doctrine, owing something to Lamarck and much to Spencer, is what we generally identify as Social

be handed down through the biological mechanism of heredity. The view, of course, the proponent made famous by Lamarck at the beginning of the nineteenth century and rigorously avoided by Darwin in *The Origin* as first published in 1859. It was, however, a proposition with obvious temptations in its bearing on human development.

It is the allowance of the biological clock to be speeded up to match the time scale of historical societies. As Dr Jones points out, by the time Darwin published *The Descent of Man* in 1871 he had incorporated Lamarckian ideas into his theory in the number of places. Spencer had been Lamarckian oil-eater, and the public demand for evolutionary reassurance was better satisfied by Lamarckianism than by classical natural selection. For Lamarckianism allowed a role for intelligence and effort; it depended on purposeful striving to adapt to new conditions of environment. Under those conditions the survivors really did merit congratulation on their fitness. Thus, a biological process could directly be apprehended in Victorian society, with the challenge of the evolution to adapt to new conditions as the hazardous and rewards of laissez-faire capitalism.

This doctrine, owing something to Lamarck and much to Spencer, is what we generally identify as Social

Information please

Charles Ashleigh, hobo, Wobblay, revolutionary, author of *Rumpole Kid* (Faber, 1930): *One Information for a study of culture and American radicalism.*
Eric Homberger, School of English and American Studies, University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ.
Burr's Commercial Glance, annual broadsheet of the cotton trade published in Manchester, 1832 to 1886: location of any copies, aside from that of January 17, 1845.
John Lyons, Department of Economics, University of Essex, Colchester CO4 3SQ.
Hector Hugh Munro ("Saki"): for bibliography, whereabouts of any letters from 1900 to 1916, or information about either W. R. Spink or Cyril Winterdale.
A. J. Langman, c/o Remish Hamilton, Garden House, 57-59, Long Acre, London WC2E 9JZ.

William Morris: for an annotated bibliography of scholarly and criticism concerning the Victorian socialist, designer, and poet; any references to chapters or portions of books, or of articles, that deal with any aspect of his work or influence.
Gary L. Aho, Department of English, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts 01003.
Hugh James Rose (1840-1878): Chaplain to British mining companies in Spain; documents of any kind relating to his period of residence in Spain.
Adrian Shubert, Plaza de Caporoto, 12, 3, Dcha, Madrid 5.

Wills' Town: source of the following, by the Duke of Wellington: "Wolfe Tone was a most extraordinary man and his history is the most curious history of these times. With a hundred guineas

Learning from the Great Architect

By Frances Yates

JOSEPH RYKWERF:
The First Moderns:
Architects of the Eighteenth
Century
585pp. MIT Press. £27.50.
0 262 18090 1

This book is described on the jacket as a book of history of architecture which goes "well beyond the traditional of architectural history, which has largely been concerned with outward, stylistic evolution . . . it examines buildings as embodiments of a whole culture, founded on basic philosophical concepts". It is not a startlingly new idea to include architecture in the history of culture (particularly medieval culture which this book does not touch) but Rykwerf aims at more than that. He attempts actually to boss the history of culture on the history of architecture understood in a very wide sense.

The classical view of the history of architecture certainly implies a universal role. From Egypt, the art of building was said to have passed through Greece, to Rome. Judaea was included, for Solomon's Temple was based on the classical orders. The world was a temple, reflecting the universal harmony of architecture proper to man's body. Vitruvius taught that it was necessary for an architect to know all the arts and sciences; all were subjects relating to number, harmony and proportion.

It is the thesis of Rykwerf's book that the architect of the centuries in which such assumptions were taken absolutely for granted was classical; when such assumptions began to break down, as in the eighteenth century, the term "neoclassical" must be used; the architect of the nineteenth century was the "first moderns". This classification underlies the structure of his book.

A palace and its place

By Nigel Glendinning

JONATHAN BROWN and
J. H. ELLIOTT:
A Palace for a King:
The Buen Retiro and the Court of Philip IV
296pp. Yale University Press. £15.
0 300 02507 6

Madrid has not been very good at preserving her palaces, and needs books like this from time to time to remind her what she has lost in the process of the pillaging. The royal residences of the Hapsburgs were gutted by fire in 1734, and the Torre de la Parada, with its notable collection of mythological paintings, Rubens, fell into disuse after 1710. The Buen Retiro, palace of Olivares and Philip IV, in the 1630s and 1640s, was the work of Jonathan Brown and J. H. Elliott's book. It is a decline in the middle of the eighteenth century, and only two small sections and the gardens survive today. By the time that tourists came to look down their noses at it in the nineteenth century, it seemed no more than "the realization of the dreams of some well-to-do fellow-chandler".

This book reconstructs the original dreams behind the Retiro. It also describes in new and absorbing detail the whole stages of the palace's erection, partly through the eyes of contemporary witnesses and verbal records, partly through architectural documents. The central concern of the book, however, is with the political expression of the cultural aspirations of the Spanish monarchy in this respect. It ranges much more widely than the other major studies of Spanish palaces, Luis Cervantes' *The Palace of the Kings* in Lerma (1967) and Sjoelene Alpers' *The Decoration of the Torre de la Parada* (1971).

Brown and Elliott constantly follow the various strands of

"classical" philosophy of architecture through analysis of the orders compared with the Temple of Solomon, using Villalpanda's massive reconstruction of the Temple. This will certainly seem a strange way to begin a history of architecture but there is much evidence that such a correlation was fundamental for "classical" theory. Behind the classical facade leoned the Temple, and behind that again the pyramids of Egypt. This historical vision explains the plausibility in Renaissance architectural views, such as Serlio's "Tragic Scene", in which antique colonnades merge into obelisks and other oriental features.

The first chapters discuss French classicism with analysis of Perrault in these chapters on French Renaissance classicism or Philibert de l'Orme, on Balthus's Academy of Poetry and Music, to bring out the subtle changes in emphasis introduced in the classicism of the grand siècle. The book is a hardening of the academicism of the Colberian academies, reflect a hardening of the classical idea as compared with the Renaissance, and it is possible that Rykwerf puts his finger on significant points in the change through Greece, to Rome. Judaea was included, for Solomon's Temple was based on the classical orders. The world was a temple, reflecting the universal harmony of architecture proper to man's body.

Chapter six, an immensely long chapter with voluminous notes, arrives at Vitruvius in the English translation with emphasis on John Dee's Preface to the English translation of Euclid of 1570. This date coincides with that of the founding of Balthus's Academy of Poetry and Music in the French Renaissance. It is a remarkable coincidence, one which illustrates the incorporation of classical material into the history of architecture. So far as I know, this is the first general history of architecture which assigns a place of importance to John Dee, an indication of how things have moved since I published *The World in 1669*. Before that date

it was assumed that there was no evidence of any influence of Renaissance architectural theory in England until the advent of Inigo Jones in the early seventeenth century.

In the now famous Preface, Dee shows familiarity with the text of Vitruvius and Alberti; he sets out the role of the architect as *unus universae*, knowledgeable in all the "Vitruvian subjects", from music to mathematics, both in the Preface and in his leadership of the Elizabethan development of science, was rooted in Vitruvian theory and prepared the way for the advent of Inigo Jones and classical architecture. Rykwerf constantly emphasizes the importance of Dee as preparation for Jones. Quoting Dee as "the Architect" he proclaims that "this is very much the view that Inigo Jones had of his calling". Jones and Dee "breathed the same mental air". Like Dee, Jones believed in the importance of the technician, the artisan, and was attacked by Ben Jonson for such low tastes: these attacks define the difference between Dee-Jones and Jonson.

The type of building in which Vitruvian principles would have been applied in England during Dee's lifetime was the wooden public house. James Burbage, builder of the first Theatre, belonged to the class of intelligent craftsmen whom Dee influenced. Rykwerf agrees that the Theatre, the Globe, and other London buildings would have been consciously based on classical principles out of Vitruvius, prefigured in the Dee movement.

Rykwerf makes the interesting suggestion that the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford, designed by Christopher Wren in 1663, "recalled Elizabethan theatres and only through their ancient precedent". This is but one instance of the links developed in the book between the Dee school and the subsequent development of architecture in England. Without Dee and Jones, thinks Rykwerf, Christopher Wren would have been inconceivable.

The thread in the classical architecture tradition which links

Vitruvius, the Roman, with Selemon, the builder of the Temple, is suggested in various ways. Rykwerf stresses the influence of King Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem on Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis*, and presents Bacon, too, as in some sort descending from the Dee tradition. The Vitruvian-Solomonic synthesis draws the history of architecture, as understood by Rykwerf, somewhat into the sphere of the occult and relates it to the history of modern Europe. It is a major theme, or allegory, underlying ritual. In fact, the classical history of architecture descending from Egypt in Rome and linked with Judaea, is closely related to occultist views of history. The link of Freemasonry with architecture, though it has been avoided in straight architectural history, is a really quite self-evident, as Rykwerf emphasizes.

It is, in fact, a leading theme of his book to include Masonic history with the history of science, to give one example, he points out that the explosion of architectural publications in the second and third decades of the eighteenth century coincided with the inception of the philosophy of Isaac Newton, the discoverer of laws governing the architecture of the universe, was prefigured by noted Masons, James Anderson, author of the *Constitution*, and John Desaguliers, the Huguenot refugee, prominent in British Masonry. It is significant that Newton, that architect of the new scientific philosophy, emerged within the century in which the classical (or occult) history of architecture was still dominant.

I have concentrated on chapter six (though written by any means included in all its contents) because it is more possible to tackle this chapter as a whole than the rest of the book. Rykwerf goes rushing on through the neoclassical night-mare (mainly Italian and French) with the usual masses of fully foot-noted information and

wealth of architectural illustration. Cities, buildings, gardens pass by in breathless profusion until, at the end, the torrent suddenly stops. Rykwerf is not given to generalization; he tries to pursue them all, leaving movements to appear through detail.

In reading this book one has a sense of new possibilities opening up, of a new foundation from which to begin a unified approach to the cultural history of modern Europe. It is perhaps a forerunner of what might be done if the influences of the Temple were followed up more fully (research of this kind is already being undertaken by younger scholars) and in combination with Vitruvian influences, to form a foundation to which many of the most characteristic developments of modern Europe might be related—science, mathematics, music—in a new kind of humanism, more congenial to modern man, more integrated with its other interests, than the literary humanism of the Renaissance.

The range of Rykwerf's learning is enormous. History of gardens, Chinese influences, festival architecture, all contribute to the overall wealth. Great figures in the history of thought and science—Bacon, Newton, Vico—are seen from new angles. Where architecture includes the architecture of the universe, Vitruvius and Solomon, everything is possible. Rykwerf is attempting in one book a project which demands many volumes: the impression of confusion gives an impression of confusion. More room was needed for the deployment of the crowding themes. The overflow is crushed into the inordinately long footnotes which should have been included in an expanded text. All this makes for a difficult reading, but the reward for perseverance is great. This is no superficial history of styles, no conventional history of ideas. It invigorates both through the attempt at a new kind of history of architecture.

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Secker & Warburg

The senator in the skoonskin cap

By Hugh Brogan

rate they stood there loving him, while reporters scroched their heads. One of them commented, "Something had happened. They got it. I didn't."

for reality. . . Metaphysics and ethics are not identical with religion, and therefore the why of a scientific metaphysic cannot be accounted for in any form of mysticism. With Mr Russell it takes the form of a pessimistic pantheism. A person who condemns the universe as Mr Russell does . . . is necessarily religious, for the scientific metaphysics merely permits one to say that any universe in which there is scope for moral effort must appear to contain evil as well as good. The observer, being himself part of it, cannot condemn the entire scheme of things unless he has recourse to some religious standards of judgment over and above his ordinary moral standards.

I am not sure that I entirely agree with this, but it prompts thought by justifiably complicating a problem that Russell had perhaps exaggerated. I told him that I had written another review, Roberts complains about "the slovenly Unchristianity" of the Thirties, which is as hush as the slovenly Christianity of a century ago, and he adds the challenging remark:

Most Englishmen—including Communists and those who profess and call themselves nationalists—would, if they did not their own minds, find that the only way back to a Christian theology; a few, like Mr Murry and perhaps Mr Elliot, would discover their own belief to be heretic, unwilling or unable, as they may be, to submit to Holy Church.

In the process of trying to tidy my own mind, particularly in relation

Nothing seems deeper, at the moment, than the politics of the 1950s. The hopes, fears and problems of that decade were actually much the same as ours (it was the word "reaction" which was popularized) at the time. It is easier to be conscious of the fact that times have changed, and we with them. So all the more praise is due to Charles Fontenay for his book, a kind of resurrection that he has performed for Kefauver, a leading figure of the period, whose claims on the attention of posterity are real, though his political achievements, as they were, was his amazingly strong hold on the respect and affection of large numbers of American voters. His popularity was a valuable force enough to alarm his competitors and keep them at work for years to circumvent his ambitions; and of course he encouraged him in those ambitions by the means by which they might be realized.

They were not merely presidential. During the crime hearings of 1950-51, which made him famous, Kefauver discovered the art of rousing the public, and tried to turn it to good use in furthering the reforms that his investigation led him to support. He was only partially successful in that instance; but by the end of his life he was a master of publicity, unequalled, probably, in Congress, and to his skill at turning on the popular voice, so to speak, he largely owed his last great victory, the passage of the 1962 drug act.

He had a large following, in school, and turned the fact to account in making his appeal? The question baffled the liberal intelligentsia for most of his life. American intellectuals have never taken kindly to hayseeds, for reasons that do them little credit; and the hayseed has never cumulated from Yale Law School and Harvard into a hayseed, most zealously. In his best years, when the logic of his plans on economics had had him ready to up positions which looked too radical to them, he was the New Republic reviewer who was ready to take him up as a torable hayseed, an anomalous totem; but he suddenly died on that. At last the occurrence has prevented the completion of his spurious Kossuth memoirs, like that which has come to my mind from Senator Stephen A. Tilden; by the same token, the middle of his popularity has persisted. It is due to Mr. Fenneman's credit that the New Republic is going towards newswriting it for us.

Every generation looks naïvely to its immediate successors: yet surely there are good empirical reasons for thinking that American eloquence was in some important sense sophisticated in 1950, that it has since become, in the old simplistic sense, had greater potency than it has today. Of course, his bean one of the chief reasons for this was as one of its earliest beneficiaries: that he used it precisely to prolong the sway of the ancient faith. When he talked of "the public interest" (his favourite phrase) the words carried their full weight of meaning and authority. His awful oratorical style, the waste of words, the use of the worst mumbled-in phrases, never seems to have hampered him in his use of radio and television; perhaps he understood instinctively that, as the late Marjorie Main put it, television is cool money. He came over as a thoughtful, honest, sensible and strong man, the embodiment of American democracy. He did the same on the radio. He was forever tying his words into knots, muddling words, and Shakespearean quotations. He could not even get his words straight, and always talked in a "Kongskian" cap which probably his unconscious was trying to make him say "Skutskinn". He seems to have taken his blunders as signs of sincerity. At any

rate they stood there loving him, while reporters scroched their heads. One of them commented, "Something had happened. They got it. I didn't."

All the same, it was not surprising that Mr. Fontenay shows himself to be a politician, a sure and emphatic, Kefauver's appeal was always at its greatest in farming areas. In the 1950s, before the great exodus of the agrarian population, when thousands of farmers still to be garnered from it, politicians were always promising to save the family farm. Kefauver was foremost among them. Coming as he did from the farm, he knew how to talk to farmers. He was perhaps seen to best advantage shaking hands at a country cross-roads or making a speech outside a town square. His plain style proved immensely appealing to the Southern dirt farmers (to men, to whom, as a matter of fact, he seemed dangerously liberal) but to the people of the Middle and Far West, too. Some of his greatest primary victories came in those states as Minnesota and Wisconsin. He met his Waterloo in 1956 in the California primary, where the farm vote was carried off by new suburbs, which preferred the urbane Adlai Stevenson. It must have comforted Kefauver somewhat to know that the competition he had been so keen that Stevenson was forced to run up in cowboy gear to prove that he was just as much folks as ol' Estes; and that, while so arrayed, he met Kefauver, who was wearing an elephant suit, and was not told by Mr. Fontenay. The talking had been abandoned when Kefauver's ten-year-old son told him that it was all tight for kids playing football. Crockett, but not for kids playing football.

Mr. Fontenay brings out beautifully the pages which mean to plagiarize the words of the simplicity, the importance of Kakevay's chief cause of humour. It was a good thing that a man so accident-prone knew how to smile at himself (he was not a man of much speech with both hands in his trousers) because he had somehow lost his belt) and his sense of human absurdity helped him to preserve his legendary mild patience in the face of the didactic instruction in Congress; his relations with his most notorious opponent, the Republican Everett Dirksen, were pleasingly warm. In his best passage Mr. Fontenay shows that there was more to Kakevay than the notorious withdrawal of his reputation in his private relations—ever his wife Nancy said that it was hard to tell what he was thinking—but in his youth he had been a very active and his humour was the means of making his dialogue, he could tell, at times throw himself into his old attitude. To a man of his intelligence and ethical seriousness there was little to be learned from the accustomed rituals of the politicians, and he was a people; but no others were available, so he entered into them with zest. In a play-acting spirit (which was perhaps his magic) he assumed that the people would listen. Not that there were any twinkles in his eye; he simply picture Tennessee voters as tedious as all the voters in the Senate. But he was a genial, pompous or most to earnest.

[illegible]

is Winston Churchill, who got us through the war, I am firmly convinced, because we found he could make us laugh.

Kavanaugh can stand, therefore, as a model of a democratic politician, except in one respect: it is not clear how much he achieved. His record in the presidency was never likely to succeed. He has argued that he might have beaten Eisenhower if he had won the Democratic nomination in 1952, but I doubt if he convinces himself and I doubt he can convince me). It distracted him from his career for five years, and may have shortened his life, so exhausting was his method of campaigning. It diminished his influence by deepening the rift between him and his leadership, which was the result that he had abandoned his ambition; in particular, it is hard to account for the reserve which President Kennedy showed towards him except on the hypothesis that Kennedy always knew of a possible rival. After all, the two men had competed for the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1956, and Kavanaugh had won—largely, Robert Kennedy thought, because of the 35,000 cards which he sent out every Christmas.

Kefauver's great Senatorial bearing, only mildly dulled by investigation, had organized crime only gradually claimed the attention of the citizens, but by the time they reached their climax in New York an enormous radio and television audience was being entertained, and the story, launched by the long procession of picturesque killings that the Kefauver committee workers marshaled: The Walter, Little New York, Groasy Thumb, Joe Battiere, and Smiling Jimmy Sullivan, a crooked sheriff from Illinois, may have been forgotten by the mob and the politicians who uncovered (to the great injury of the Democratic party and consequent indignation of President Truman) and loud were the cries for reform. There were few other immediate targets, and critics like to note, to the fact as a proof of Kefauver's futility. From his own point of view the matter was less clear-cut. True, he and his colleagues were disappointed by the failure of Congress to enact the necessary accommodations. But Kefauver thought the educate the public was worthwhile in itself, and he had certainly done so (thereby launching the age of postpolification). Second, the committee's activities stimulated a great deal of good work in Florida, for example, was cleaned up, and, to be sure, at least so glaringly as before, the mobsters' second home. Third, a fair number of the reforms proposed by the committee were eventually passed into law when Governor Kefauver was Attorney General. As reform goes always slow and incomplete, this is not a discreditable score.

It would be interesting to know more about Kefauver's relations with Robert Kennedy, who seems to have acted, consciously or not, in several ways as the Senator's good angel. It was Kennedy who helped find law some of the procedures concerning investigation of juvenile delinquency, he who successfully prosecuted a vast array of the great steel companies for pricefixing, he who went through the Kefauver-sponsored Attorney Civil Process Act of 1962. It was Kennedy who was Kefauver's sort of "Attorney-General," but it is doubtful if either man ever recognized the fact.

The centre of Kefauver's political programme was his commitment to a non-race, and the crown of his anti-race career was of course the Kefauver-Harris Drug Control Act of 1962. The story of its passage has often been told, and Mc Prouce has added little to it. But he does tell the story justice, and brings out, as he does so often, what is not obvious about the obvious. He tells, for example, how the thalidomide disaster, which Kefauver would not have got any part of bill through the 1962 session of Congress; when the thalidomide disaster broke, the Kennedy Administration took over the bill and cut it through. Kefauver's anti-race provisions, leaving in the hands safe hands. The law remained a

achievement; surveyed dispassionately, however, its limitations are more apparent than its virtues. It did nothing to make American doctors and patients less anxious to throw drugs at every ailment, and nothing to encourage greater economic efficiency in the production of medicines. In this way the intentions of both the President and the Senator were circumvented. The Kefauver heir to the throne of the monian and Wilsonian faith that he was, believed that effective anti-trust laws would tend to restore primitive capitalist competition, and thus preserve America from both the extremes of corporatism and creeping socialism. The conservative and anti-socialist Kennedy, notably J. K. Galbraith, would have dismissed such views as merely quaint, but they did believe that anti-trust activity might help avert inflation, as the clash with the big companies in 1962 seemed to prove. This faith, in this light, could satisfy neither party: American drug manufacturers were left at liberty to continue their monopolistic, profligate and greedy ways; and no doubt they will be underwritten by Japanese producers any day now, like the produce of American cars.

At the moment Kefauver's most potent legacy seems to be his re-orientation of the primary elections. In 1952 Harry Truman dismissed primaries as "a wash" and then Kefauver trounced him in the New Hampshire primary, and was generally credited with forcing the President to make a prompt declaration of his intention to retire, thereafter subsequently entered thirteen of the primaries, won all but two of them, and was quite possibly hovey got the presidential nomination if his campaign had been better organized. Nobody has dismissed primaries as eyawash since.

Kefauver threw his considerable weight behind Stevenson after his own defeat in 1956, largely because "I've got a lot of respect for a man who gets into the primary and fights it out, as Adlai did," in 1960, obeying the hint, J. F. Kennedy used the primaries to establish his appeal to the voters of the states; in 1972 and 1976 McGovern and Carter used the primary route to impose themselves on their party—and Stevenson has explicitly stated his admiration for Kefauver's strategy. Given the exhausting, expensive, irrational way in which the primaries are at present conducted, this example is perhaps a mixed one; but though the system may be reformed, it is unlikely to be abolished. So Kefauver's essential doctrine, that the people not the party bosses must choose the candidates, will stand.

The legacy which Kafauver's friends would most like to see realized is his character. It would indeed be a good thing if, now and in the future, Americans could profit from the spectacle of his rigid integrity, his political courage and his firmness of conviction and faithfulness to his duty as he saw it, and his warmth. Fontenay makes the record of these things readily available. As a Nashville journalist, he was close enough to see Kefauver plain, and he was close enough to his independent judgment was completely sound. He writes extremely well—not merely better than most American academics, which is poor praise, but better than most American journalists, which is high. He has an impressive command of sources, especially of the Tennessee newspapers; he judges intelligently and argues persuasively. The book is handsomely produced by the press of Kefauver's first university, where he is now deposited. All in all, it is a very good thing.

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When his last full collection of new poems, *From the Heart*, was made available at the Poetry Book Society's office in the Spring of 1956, Edwio Muir wrote to the Society's Bulletin:

I have been asked to say something about poetry, and at the moment can think of nothing to say except that there can be no certain definition of poetry, and that if there were it would be of no use, conceivably of no use at all. One might as well demand a definition of mankind before setting out to become acquainted with people. We learn about poetry in much the same way as we learn about human beings, then, by coming to know it and them.

At first glance, this may seem unremarkable, even typical of the slightly off-hand easiness which afflicts certain landed poets when called upon to speak definitively about their own work. But anyone

by a central myth at the heart of which lay his own deep personal need to confront those "mysteries" with which our minds cannot possess themselves. From there, where we are going, and since we are not alone, but members of a countless family, how we should live with one another."

Overwhelmed by a sense of exile from the Orkneys of his childhood, a humble world of enduring values which he describes with a luminous but unobscured clarity, Muir takes the early chapters of *Arcturion* to photography. Muir developed (through an imaginative synthesis of ratiocination and desire) his version of a new theory where "everything in the spirit of the world is a part of life; seems to have its place in the creaks and occupations of man; the hierarchy of animals; good and evil; the earth, heaven and hell." Muir is guided by his vision of Eternal Man, a deity and man.

WRITING COMPETITION

**A
PLAY
FOR
WALES**

Judges: **Slan Phillips
Peter Gill
Ewart Alexander**

£2,000 in Prize money
for a full-length play in English

life of every man is an endlessly repeated performance of the life of others. His story increased its hold on Muir through the years, both provoking and resolving a crisis in his personal life, as he became acutely conscious of modern urban society's inescapable system.

On the one hand there was his extreme sense of an induced meaning of spirit imbued in modern civilization, first experienced as part of his education, and then as he came from the Ukraine to America where it seemed "one's neighbour was one's worst enemy," deepening throughout the 1930s to a awareness of the "impenetrable barrier" of communism, and then the most harrowing of all, after the 1948 putsch in Czechoslovakia where he found men "suspecting even of their friends" and where his lectures at Prague University were attended by two communist agents "in the crowd," everything he said. On the other hand there was what Roger Kington calls his tough purity as an artist, characterized by an inability to write that would merely serve the moment.

All this made him particularly averse to the literary climate of the 1930's. Convinced that there was an essential weakness in writers to be "mere expressions of the blinding of which they should be the conscious participants. To the world he had his admirers but not his admirers' powerful imaginations are conscious," he worked toward accomplishing a poetic method which would "oppositing to lack the obvious urgency, to mediate the social commitment, to confront the permanent sources of human conflict and released them into controlled, disturbing, ambivalent poems which would, while he referred to a "middle" idealism, be the powers behind the visible, calculable. Writing to Stephen Spender in 1936 he said: "I find that while consciously I am a socialist and would like to see poetry that would be some way beyond the obvious. I actually start to write poems and also comes up which seems to me not to do with socialism, or not to do with socialism, or not to do with it in some way or other, but I do not detect the intention to detect. That is, I am not aware of it."

complicated transcendence of the dualistic, trinitarian, an essentially affirmative, durable poetry born of the quarrel of good and evil felt by Muir to be the only way to transcend the material world which inevitably encompasses both and will not be resolved in any reordering of the affairs of the State.

Muir's vision of freedom is not only and the same thing uniquely personal and a human brightness, "little paradise/field in the world," but a poetic discipline, an artistic institution of moments when the imagination is "liberated from the order of time." The element of its technique, that "certain pathos distance in contemplating human life," is no easy option; it is the mark of poetic discipline and the struggle which obtained it. It is much in later poems like "The Cloud" as in earlier ones like "The Combat." It is the achievement of a poet who, as Ringo Wright stresses throughout, "knew life," in the most intense, pathetic of times. It is the poet's poems support end endorse a human existence, becoming mirrors of the world in which we recognize ourselves and are instructed. And we read his PBS Bulletin reprints in the light of what we can see the poet achieving, the implications, that "gathering the image whole" the poet comes to know himself and we come to know him. In short, a rationalization of poetry becoming the poet's rational activity that Muir knew it must be.

Commenting on Mulr's conviction that the job of a literary critic is to "expose the weaknesses of the two best literature and the reader, and that the one and the same virtue is a capacity for admiration," Roger Knight states: "the directedness of the critic of Mulr's own work is closed." If he does not exercise his "capacity for admiration," he had better leave it alone. Knight is just the right kind of intermediary. His book is a kind of admiration, but it is also modestly and patiently transcribed of enthusiasm. It is not relentless and exhaustive, but achieves its purpose by selective concentration. Knight acknowledges the danger that tells the Great Story.

the same story (Mulr saw this, too, and that the risk in the poetry is that it will become repetitive, but you shall feel that the mystic has dissolved rather than the story dissolved; repetition is not what is chosen to focus our attention upon poems that are unquestionably successful. Symptomatic, however, as such as the lengthy but largely incoherent "Verfallung um die Phosphore," are dealt with in very broad and shallow terms, only in one book, various emotional crises of writers are the totally unhelpful poems are the result).

Similarly, while Mulr's *Lebens* is filled with Kafka's work, it is not in detail, his own novel is passed over as the work of a writer not suited to prose fiction; it is justified, after our understanding of what Mulr found in Kafka, that notes a number of the latter poem-like—like many of Kafka's—poems,—"begin" in "the midway of life" and "time decided by the chance of a point." Time opens out as a decision would often against the human will to write only out of a capacious admiration and would distract him from what matters most in the sink of a confession of his Knechtschaft. It is the poetry that is the key to the above; all he can do is to explore its source and Mulr's personal life in relation to clarifying passages from *Frank* and *Lebens*, various letters and other writings—as a means of defining its special quality rather than of its generic placing together of many different elements in an identifiable literary portrait.

One finishes the book, as should always be the case with reading about Mule, with the sense of having been taken inside the Public, on a journey of discovery and recovery. Roger Knight's own poetic marriage to a poetry which "grows like one's mind rather slowly but the one attaches itself with a sureness that belongs to the truth of the vision." Mule is one of those writers whom we know better for knowing less "his world." As our introduction to this world, Knight's labour of love is a small, hardy

He had a large following, and turned the tide of the account; but he was a big man. The question baffled the intelligent for most of the American intellectuals have taken kindly to hayseeds, if sons that do than little and Kefauver (twice grandson of John Jay) and Lauchlin Currie from Yale. Last September as a hayseed, most seriously, last years, when the logic views on economics had led to take up positions which were more radical than they were. *New Republic* grew so ready to take him up as a mascot, an anomalous totem; suddenly died on throat. At this occurrence has prevented the emergence of a "spurious Kefauver" myth like that which has surrounded former Senator Edwin; by the same token, the of his popularity has persisted much to Mr. Fentany's that he goes the long way to answering it for us.

Every generation looks na-
lis immediate successors;
surely there are good and
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less sophisticated. In 1950, it
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Television, of course, has
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Yet he used it precisely to pre-
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cical style" (he was notorious
one of the worst mumbler's in
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television; perhaps he understood instinctively that, as the late Mr. shall McLaughlin put it, television is a cool medium. He came off as friendly, honest, sensible and unpretentious—the embodiment of American decency. He did the same of himself. He was forever trying to make a joke, muddling up names and Shakespearean references. He could not even get a trade mark right, and he talked of his "skonsniks." Probably his unconscious was trying to make him say "Stinson."

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The point he made with
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on with-it. A man with a less

view of other human beings, and more solemn view of himself, never have attained such a height. And it worked, as is shown by the fact that he could make ridiculous without for a moment weakening people's serious attitude for him. He could appear in the wearing two right shoes, as according to Noney, he looked, when he was coming round a corner the time; or slide down a banister into the middle of a crowd when no portable toilet arrived at his plane's door.

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